The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rumour.

I say you Earles: For which of you will stop the vent of Hearing, when loud Rumour speaks? from the Orient, to the drooping West (Making the winde my Post-horse) fill yufoold The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth, Upon my Tongue, continual Slanders ride, The which, in every Language, I pronounce, Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports: I speake of Peace, while courte Emmaus (Vnder the Emble of Safety) woundes the World: And who but Rumour, who but one ly Make fearefull Matters, and prepar'd Defence, Whilfe the bigge yeare, fwoene with fome other griefes, Is thought with childe, by the ferne Tyrant, Warre, And no fuch matter? Rumour, is a Pipe Blowne by Surnifles, rebellious, Coniectures, And of fo eate, and fo pump a stop, That the blunt Monander, with uncounted heads, The still discordant, wauring Multitude, Can play upon it. But what neede I thus My well-knowne Body to Anatomize Among my housholds? Why is Rumour here to? I run before King Harris victory, Who in a blisse field by Shrewsburie Hath beaten downe yong Hafforres, and his Troopers, Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion, Even with the Rebels blood. But what mean I To speake so true at fir? My Office is To noyse abroad, that Harry Montana fell Under the Wrath of Noble Hafforres Swords: And that the King, before the Douglas Rage Scooped his Annointed head, as low as death. This hate I rumour'd through the peasanr-Townes, Betweene the Royal Field of Shrewsburie, And this Warne-casteth-Hole of ragged Stone, Where Hafforres Father, old Northumberland, Lyes crafty Scke. The Poetes come tyring on, And not a man of them brings other newes Then they have learn'd of Me. From Rumours Tongues, They bring smooth-Comforts-falle, worse then True-Wrongs.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolph, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keepes the Gate here he use? Where is the Earle?

Por. What Ball I say you are?

L.Bar. Tell thou the Earle

That the Lord Bardolph dost attend him here.

Por. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard, Plesis it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate, And he himselfe will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Here comes the Earle.

Nor. What newes Lord Bardolph? Every minute now Should be the Father of some Stratagem; The Times are wilde: Conception (like a Hope) Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose, And bears downe all before him.

L.Bar. Noble Earle,

I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsburie.

Nor. Good; and heaven will.

L.Bar. As good as best can wish:

The King is almost wounded to the death:

And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne, Prince Harry slaine out-rights; and both the Bishops:

Killed by the hand of Douglas, Yong Prince John,

And Wiltshire, and Stafford, fled the Field;

And Harry Montana's Brawne (the halfe Sir John)

Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, suit a Day,

(So sought, so follow'd, and so fairely wonne)

Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times

Since Caesar Fortunes.

Nor. How is this certeud?

Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsburie?

L.Bar. I spake with one (my Lord) that came fro thence,

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,

That freely render'd us these newes for true.

Nor. Hearce comes my Seruant Tramers, whom I sent

On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

Enter Tramers.

L.Bar. My Lord, I over-rod him on the way,

And he is furnish'd with no certainties,

More then he (haply) may recalle from me.

Nor. Now Tramers; what good tidings comes fro you?

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Tra. My Lord, Sir John Constable turn'd me backe
With joyful tydings; and (being better hord) I
Out-rode you. After him, came (spurring head)
A Gentleman (almost) fore-spent with speed
That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong Harrie Percy Spurre was cold.
With that he gave his able Horfe the head,
And bending forwards stroke his able heales
Against the panting fides of his poore jade.
Vp to the Rowell head, and staring fo:
He seem'd it running, to devise the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Hal! Againe:
Said he yong Harrie Percy Spurre was cold?
(O Harrie Spurre, cold Spurre!) that Rebellion,
Had me ill lucke?

L. Bar. My Lord: I cle tell you what,
If my Lord your Sonne, hau'e not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a filken point
Ile give my Baron. Neuer talk of it.

Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by Trumey
Give then such infinances of Lofte?

Morton. He was some holding Fellow, that had done
The Horfe he rode on: and vpon my life
Spake at aduenture. Looke, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yes, this man now, like to a Title-Jeune,
Fore-tells the Nature of a Tragical Volume:
So looke'st the Strond, when the Impetuous Flood
Hath lefts wilfull Vpurbation,
Say Morton, did'th thou come from Shrewsbury?

Nor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where basefull death putts on v'glieff Maske:
To fight our party,

North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother? Thou rememb'rest, and the white ruffe in thy Cheek
Is after then Thyngue, to tell thee Errand.
Even such a man, so faine, so spiritiflee,
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone,
Drew Praines Curtaine, in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
But Praine found the Fireste, he his Tongue:
And I, my Frendes death, ere thou report it.
This, thou woul'dst say: Yong Sonne did thus, and thus
Thy Brother, thus. So bought the Noble Douglas,
Stopping my greedy care, with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to stop mine Eare indeed)
Thou haft a Sigh, to blow away this Praife,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

Morton. Douglas is luing, and your Brother yet;
But for my Lord, your Sonne,
Nort. Why he is.

See what a ready tongue Supposition hath:
He that but fears the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Infin'd, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he fear'd, is chance'd. Yet speake (Morton)
Tell thou thy Earles Disanimation Lies,
And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Morton. You are too great, to be (by me) painfull:
Your Spirit is too true, your Fears too certaine,
Nor. Yet for all this, say not that Percues dead.
I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it Fears, or Sinne,
To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so:
The Tongue offend's not, that reports his death:
And he doth finne that doth belye the dead:
Not he, which fayes the dead is not alialue:
Yet the first bringer of vulnurable Newes
Hath but a looking Office; and his Tongue,
Sounds euer after as a sullen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

L. Bar. I cannot think, and your Son is dead,
Nor. I am sorry, I should force you to beleue
That, which I would to heauen, I had not scene.
But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,
Rending fain quietness (weary, and out-breath'd)
To Harrie Monmouth, whose swift wrath bate downe:
The meuer-claunted Percies to the earth,
From whence, with life, he neuer more fanning vp,
In few; his death (whole spirit lent a fire,
Even to the dullest Peazant in his Camp)
Being bruised once, took fire and hate away
From the beltemper'd Courage in his Troopers,
For from his Mustie, was his Party feeld:
Which once in, his flight, all perished.
With which distresse, he turn'd thro' those
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead:
As the Thing, that's heavy in it selfe,
Vpon enforcement, flyes with greatest speed,
So did our Men, in Hastijures loffe,
Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Fears,
That Arrows did not twister toward their aimes,
Then did our Soldiers (aiming at their safety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worscelfer
Too soonse ex'the贫困户: and that furious Sot
(The bloody Douglas) whole well-labouring sword
Had three times flaine th'appearance of the King,
Can vaille his formacie, and did grace the frame
Of those that turn'd their backes; and in his flight,
Stumbling in Fears, was tooke.
The fumme of all, is,
That the King hath wonderfully and hent sent out
A speedy power, to encounters you my Lord,
Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancastere
And Walthemland. This is the Newses at full.

North. For this, I shall hau'e time enough to mourne.
In Poylon, there is Phyficke: and this newes
(Having bene well) that would hau'e made me sick,
Being fiche, have in some measure, made me well.
And as the Wretch, whose Fester-weakened noisy
Like strengtheffle Hedges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a hooe
Out of his keepers armes: Even so, my Limbes
(Weaken'd with griefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,
Are thriche themselfes. Hence therefore thou nasse cruch,
A sale Gauntlet new, with yoynets of Steele.
Must gloue this hand, and hence thou sickly Quoile,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, feth'd with Conquest, syke to bite
Now binde my Brows with Iron, and approche
The ragged'd hour, that Time and Spight dare bring
To frowne vpon the'engad Northumberland.
Let Heauen little Earth: now let not Natures hand.
Keepes the wide Flood confin'd: Let Order dye,
And let the world no longer be a stage
To feele Contentme in a ling'ring Act:
But let our Spirit of the Purt-Bore Came
To Reigne.
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Reign in all batonnes, that each heart being set
On bloody Courtes, the rude Scene may end,
And darknefe be the bunter of the dead.

(Lord. Sweet Earl, there is not wisdom from your
Maj. The lites of all your loyall Counsellors
Leane-on your health, the which if you gue-o're
To stormy Paffion, must perforce decay,
You call theuent of Water (my Noble Lord)
And fum'd the accompt of Change, before you faid
Let vs make head: I was your prefentize,
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop,
You knew he walk'd o're perilis, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were adu'd his flieh was capable
Of Wounds, and Scarres: and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where moft trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you say go forthe: and none of his
(Though strongly apprehended) could reftaine
The thiffs-born Action: What hath then befalne?
Or what hath this bold enterprise bring'd forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be the

L. Bar. We all that are engaged to this loffe,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought our life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine profep'd,
Chop'd the repect of like peril fear'd
And fince we are o're-set, venture again.
Come, we will all put our forth: Body, and goods,
Maj. This more then time: And (my moft noble Lord)
I heare for ceraine, and do profe the truth:
The gentle Arch-bishop of York is vp
With well appoin'd Power: he is a man
Who with a double Scurty bindes his Followers,
My Lord (you Sonne) had onely but the Corps,
But shadows, and the Fревes of men to fight.
For that fame word (Rebellion) did divde
The Action of their bodies, from their foules,
And they did fight with quincesnelle, constrain'd
As men drinke Potions: that their Weapons only
Seem'd on their fide: but for their Spirits and Souls,
This word (Rebellion) had froze them vp,
At Fift are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
Tunes Infreruction to Religion,
Support'd felicite, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's fow'd both with body, and with minde:
And doth enlange his Riffing, with the blood
Of faire King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,
Derives from heaven, his Quarrell, and his Cuafe:
Tels them, he doth befride a bleeding Land,
Gafling for life, under great Bungtbrookes,
And more, and leffe, doth beeke to follow him.
North. I knew of this before. But to speake truch,
This pretent greffe had wp'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and counsell every man
The affpet way for safety, and reuenge:
Get Poets, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Neuer fo few, nor neuer yet more need.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what faic's the Doce to my water?
Pag. He faid fir, the water it selfe was a good healthy water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might have more diffailes then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all forts take a pride to gird at mee the
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on any side but one, it is worse flame to begge, then to be on the world side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You mistake me Sir.

Fal. Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldier-she a side, I had lyed in my throate, if I had said so.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then set your Knight-hood and your Souldier-she aside, and give mee leave to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an honest man.

Fal. I gave thee leave to tell me so? I say a side that which growes to me. To whom givst thou any leave of me, hang me: if thou takst leave, thou woult better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter: hence: Aunts.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Inq. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My Good Lord, I give your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to bee your Lordship abroad: I heard say your Lordship was sick. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by aduise. Your Lordship (though not clean past your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you: some relish of the fatness of Time, and I most humbly befech your Lordship, to have a careful regard of your health.

Inq. Sir John, I went you before your Expedition, to Shrewsbury.

Fal. To bee your Lordship, I hear your Maieftye is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Inq. I talke not of his Maieftye: you would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highness is false in this same whorish Apectyce. (you)

Inq. Well, heauen mend him, I pray let me speake with you.

Fal. This Apectyce is (as take it) a kind of Lethargy, a sleeping of the blood, a horfom Tingling.

Inq. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it original from much greefe from fuddy and perturbation of the braine. I haue read the cause of his effects in Calen. It is a kind of deafeenesse.

Inq. I thinke you are false in the diuise: For you haue not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well: my Lord very well: rather as please you, it is the diuise of Lethargy, the malady of not Macking, that I am troubled withall.

Inq. To punish you by the heelles, would assent the attention of your ears: and I care not if I be your Physitian.

Fal. I am as poore as they, my Lord; but for Patient: your Lordship may minister the Poion of imprisonment to me, in respect of Pouer: but how I should bee your Patient, to follow your preceptures, the wise might make some dram of a frelpur, or in deede, a frelpur is felle.

Inq. I tend for you (where there were matters against you for your life) to come speake with me.

Fal. As I was then aduised by my learned Counsell, in the lawes of this land-seruice, I did not come.

Inq. Well, the truth is (in toth) you line in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belte, can not line in leffe.

Inq. Your Meanes is very fender, and your woffe great.

Fal. If I were otherwise: I would your Meanes were greater, and my waife freelpurse.

Inq. You have milled the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath milled me. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and hemy Dogge.

Inq. Well, I am both to gall a new heal'd wound; your daites seruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded over your Nights exploit on Gods hill. You may thanke the

vquiete time, for your quiet o're-poting that Action.

Fal. My Lord is not (Wolfe).

Inq. But since all is well, keep it for: wake not a sleeping.

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smelk a Fox.

Inq. What you are as a candle, the better part burns out.

Fal. A Waffell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Inq. There is not a white hair on your face, but heould have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.

Inq. You follow your young Prince up and downe, like his cuill Angel.

Fal. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angelis is light: but I hope, he that looks upon mee, will take mee without, weighing: and yet, in some respectes I grant, I cannot goe: I cannot tell. Verityes is of so little regard in these Cotonomgers, that true valor is untagt Beare-heard. Pregnancy is made a Tapler, and hath his quicke wit wasted in guing Recknings; all the other gifts appertenent to man (as the malice of this Age shaptes them) are no woorth a Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capacitie of ws that are yong: you measure the heat of our Livers, with the bitterness of your gals: & we that are in the vaward of our youth, must confide, are waggles too.


Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & something a round belly. For my voice, I haue loft it with hollowing and sinding of Answares. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in judgement and vandes flandings: and he that will crape with me for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the moneie, & haue at him. For the boxe of theere that the Prince gauve you, he gaued it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a seniile Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in shives and sacle-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Habit.

Inq. Well, heauen send the Prince a better companion.

Inq. Heauen send the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Inq. Well, the King hath feuer'd you and Prince Hary, I haere you are going with Lord John of Lancaster, against the Archbishopp, and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes, I thank you your pretty sweet wit for it: but look you pray, (all you that kill my Lady Peace, at home)that our Armies joy not in a hot day: for if I take but two shires out with me, and I meane not to wexe extraordinaire: if it be a hot day, if I brandish any thing but my Bottel, would I might never frit white againe: There is not a dangerous Action can pepe out his head, but I am thirft upon it. Well, I cannot lat ever.

Inq. Well, be honest, be honest, and heauen bleesse your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Inq. Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient to beare croffes. Fare you well. Command mee to my Cofin Westersland.

Fal. If I do, fill me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more separate Age and Contoueoffe, then he can part yong limbs and old sherry, but the Gown galleys, the g2 on,
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one, and the pox pincheth the other; and to both the De-
grees present my curles. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onelyingers, and lingers it out, but the diseaSe is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of Welfinland, and this to old Misriss Ursula, whom I hate weekly to worse my memory; since I perceive the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Ghost, or a Cown of this Pox for: the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halfe, I have the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vie of any thing: I will turne dise-
ees to commodity.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Halifedge, Almabrey, and Lord Bardolf.

Ar. Thus haue you heard our caules, & kno our Means: And my moft nobel Friends, I pray you all Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes, And (if) Lord Marshall what say you to it? 
Mero. I well allow the occasion of our Armes, But gladly would be better satisfied, How (in our Meanes) we should advance our selves To looke with forhead bold and big enough Vpon the Power and puissance of the King.

Haft. Our present Matters growe vpon the File To fine and twenty thousand men of choice: And our Supplies, lie largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bolecom burnes With an incendiire Fire of Inuries.

L. Bar. The question then, (Lord Halifedge) handeth thes Whether our present fine and twenty thousand May hold vp-head, without Northumberland.

Hal. With him, we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought to feeble, My judgement is, we should not rep all faire Till we had his Assistance by the land. For in the Name to bloody fac'd, as this, Come Quere, Expectation and Surmise Of Aydes incertaine should not be admittted, 

Arb. 'Tis very true Lord Bardolf, for indeed, It was Yong Hatterseare, at Shrews bury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who bin'd himself with hope, Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply, Planting himselfe with Protec't of a power, Much smaller, then the smalllest of his Thoughts, And so with great imagination (Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death, And (winkind) leap'd into distruction.

Haft. But (by your leave) it never yet did hurt, To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre, Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot, Likes for in hope: As in an early Spring, We see th'apparing buds, which to prove fruites, Hope giveth not so much warrant, as Dilipaire That Frosts will bite them. When we meant to build, We first furry the Plot, then draw the Modell,

And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the Election,
Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,
What do we then, but draw a newe the Modell
In fewer offices? Or at least, defit
To build at all? Much more, in this great worke,
(Which is almoств to plucke a Kingdome downe,
And for another vp) should we forrey
The plot of Situacion, and the Modell;
Content upon a sure Foundation:
Question Surrycurs, knowe our owne estate,
How able sich a Worke to vndergo,
To weighe against his Opposite? Or else,
We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,
Ving the Names of men, instead of men:
Like one that drawes the Modell of a house
Beyond his power to builde it; who(nalle through)
Gives o're, and leasse his part-created Cott
A naked sujecte to the Weeping Clouds,
And waft, for curnish'd Winters tyranie.

Haft. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire birtth)
Should be still-born, and that we now possef,
The emolll man of expectation;
I thinke we are a Body strong enough
(Euen as we are) to equal with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but fine & twenty thousand?

Haft. To vs no more: may not so much Lord Bardolf,
For his divisions (as the Times do braul)
Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,
And one against Gloimdas: Perforce a third
Muff take vp vs: So is the unforme King
In three divided; and his Coffers found,
With hollow Pottery, and Empringile.

Ar. That he should draw his several strength together
And come against vs in full puissance
Need not be dreaded.

Haft. If he should do so,
He leaves his backe warm'd, the French, and Welch
Baying him at the heales: never feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it is like should lead his Forces bither?

Haft. The Duke of Lancaster, and Wefterland:
Against the Weil himselfe, and Harrie Moomouth,
But who is subfittuated 'gainst the French,
I have no certaine notice.

Arb. Let vs on:
And publish the occasion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is fieke of their owne Choice,
Their outer-greedily loue hath suffrered:
An habitation giddy, and vnseare
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart,
O thou fond Many, with what loud applaues
Did thou beate heaven with bleflying Bulgingbrookes,
Before he was, what thou would he have him be?
And being now tirmin'd in thine owne desires,
Thou (lustily Feeder) were so full of him,
That thou prouest thy selfe to call him vp.
So so, (thou common Dogge) didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton-boleste of the Royall Richard,
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit vp,
And howl to finde it. Whose true is in theire Times?
They, that when Richard (his) would have him dye,
Are now become enamour'd on his grace.
Then that thou flout vp with thy goodly head
When through proud Londond he came fighting on,
After th'admireed heele of Bulsingbrookes
Cry'f now, O Earth, yeedd vs that King againe,
And take thou this (O thoughts of men accrues'd):
"Faith, and to Come, semua bea, things. Pray me to it.
Amen. Shall we go draw our numbers, and let on?
Haste, We are Times subject, and Times bids, be gon.

Auctus Secundus, Scena Prima.

Enter Hoftess, with two Officers. Fang, and Snare. Hoftess. Mr. Fang, have you entered the Action? Fang. It is entered.
Hoftess. What's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? Will he be hand to it?
Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?
Hoftess. I, a good Mr. Snare, Snare, Heere, heere.
Fang. Snare, we must Arrest Sir John Falstaff.
Hoft. I, a good Mr. Snare, I have entered him, and all.
Snare. It may chance come some of us our lines he will flab
Hoftess. Alas the day: take heed of him: he flabbed me
in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not
what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will
fayne like any dulle, he will spare neither man, woman,
or child.
Fang. If I can dole with him, I care not for his thrift.
Hoftess. No, nor I neither: I lie on at your elbow.
Fang. If I but flit him once if he come but within my
Vice.
Hoft. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an
infinite thing above my score. Good Mr. Fang hold him
sure: good Mr. Snare let him not flab, he comes continu-
antly to Py-Corner (having your manhoods) to buy a
faddle, and here is indicted to dinner to the Lubbars head
in Lombardstreet, to M. Soke by the Silken Man: I praye, since
my Exion is entered, and my Cafe to openly knowne rothe
world, let us bring in him to his auser: A too. Marke
is a long one, for a poor woman to bear: & I have
borne, and borne, and borne, and have bin stubb-doff, and
stub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to
be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, whils
a woman should be made an Asse and a Beaff, to beare e-
quity Knutes wrong.
Fang. What is your purpose? I wonder you, at the suit of Mift. Quickly.
Fang. Away Varlets, draw Bardehe. Cut me off the
Villaines heads: throw the Queene in the Channel.
Hoft. Throw me in the channel! He throw thee there.
Will thou wilt thou thou baffly rogue, Murder, mut-
er, O thou Hony-suckle villain, wilt thou kill God of
officers, and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art
a hony-feed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.
Hoft. Good people bring a refuge! Thou wilt not thou
will not? Do thou Rogeste; Do thou Humpfed.
Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Bullfin-
left! He shall go weep his tears.
Hoft. What's the matter? Keep the Peace here, hoa.
Hoft. Good my Lord be good to me. I befooch you
stand to me.

Ch. Inr.. How now Sir John? What are you bruailing here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse? You
should have been well on your way to Yorke.

Hoft. Omy moost worshipfull Lord, and my pleasant
Grace, I am a poore widow of Eastcheap, and he is ar-
rested at my suit.
Ch. Inr. For what summe?
Hoft. It is more then for some of my Lord it is for all: all
I have, he hath eaten me out of house and home he hath
put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will
have some of it out againe, or I will hide thee o'Nights,
like the Mare.
Fang. I think I am as like to ride the Mare, if I have
any vantage of ground, to meet vp.
Ch. Inr. How comes this, Sir John? By, what a man of
good temper would endure this temptfull of exclamation?
Are you not asham'd to informe a poore Widdowe to so
rough a course, to come by her owne?
Fang. What is the groffe summe that I owe thee?
Hoft. Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy selfe, &c
the money too. Thou didst dispare to meete upon a parcel
vil. Golbe, sitting in my Dolphi-chamber at the round
table, by a tea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whilton week,
when the Prince broke thy head for liking to a sing-
ing man of Windsor; Thou didst dispare to me then (as I
was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my
Lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not good wife Keech
the Bunchers wife come in then, and call me gotlip Quick-
ly comming in to borrow a melle of Vinegar, telling vp,
she had a good dish of Prason whereabysy did desire to
eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene
wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe
flaires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore
people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam?
And did thy not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee to? I
put thee then to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?
Fang. My Lord, this is a poore mad fouler and the fayres
vp & downe the town, that her edhek fan is like you. She
hath bin in good cafe, & the truth is, poverty hath di-
stracted her: but for these foolish Officers, I befooch thee,
you may have crestice against them.
Ch. Inr.. Sir John, sir John. I am well acquainted with your
maner of wenching the true cafe, the false way. It is not a
confident brow, nor the throng of words, that come with
such (more then impudens) lawcines from you, can
thrust me from a true consideration, I know you have prac-
tis'd upon the false-yeeding spirit of this woman.
Hoft. Yes in troth my Lord,
Ch. Inr. Presthe peace pay her the debt you owe her, and
sweep the villany you have done her: the one you may do
with flaring mony, & the other with current repentance.
Fang. My Lord, I will not endore this fesape without
reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawmeife.
It's man will cure, & say nothing, he is verroues; No, my
Lord (your humble duty remembred) I will not be your
futor. I say to you, I desire deliverance from these Officers
being vpon haftly employment in the King's Affairs.

Ch. Inr.. You speakes, a having power to do wrong: But
anwer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the
poore woman.
Fang. Come hither Hoftess.
Ch. Inr.. Now Mister Gonis. What news? Grow, The King (my Lord) and Henrie Prince of Wales
are neere at hands. The right the Paper telles.
Fang. As I am a Gentleman.
Fang. Nay, you sayd so before.
Fang. As I am a Gentleman, Come, no more words of it.

Ch. Inr.. By this Heavenly ground I tread on, I must be
faine to pawnne both my Plate, and the Tapilisy of my dy-
ing Chambers.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Ed. Gloves, gloves, is the only drinking: and for thy wakles a pretty flight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterloke, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapiluries. Let it be tempe round (if thou canst,) Come, if it were not for thy humour, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, waft thy face, and draw thy Action; Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou wast set on this.

Hoist. Brother (Sir John,) is he, but twenty Nobles, I loath to Payne my Place, in good earnest it.

Ed. Let it alone, He make other shift: you'll be a fool full.

Hoist. Well, you shall have it although I Payne my Gowne. Tho' you come to Supper? You'll pay me altogether?


Hoist. Will you have Doll Tewre, fruit meet you at supper?

Ed. No more words. Let's have her.

Ch. Inl. I have heard bitter newes.

Ch. Inl. What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch. Inl. Where lay the King last night?

Mef. At Dasingboke my Lord.

Ed. Oh, I hope (my Lord) I shall be well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. Inl. Come all his Forces backe?

Mef. No: Fifteen hundred Foot, five hundred Horse
Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

Fol. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble Lord?

Ch. Inl. You shall have Letters of me presently.

Go me along with me, with me, good M. Cowre.

Fol. My Lord.

Ch. Inl. What's the matter?

Fol. Matter Cowre, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must waite upon my good Lord here.

I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Inl. Sir John, you loiter here too long being you are to take watchers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fol. Will you sup with me, Master Cowre?

Ch. Inl. What foolish Master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fol. Master Cowre, if they become me not, he was a Fool that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) rap for rap, and to part faire.

Ch. Inl. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Fool.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Powitz, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Pow. Is it come to that? I had thought weareiness did not have attach'd one of so holy blood.

The stowes: though it distil's the complexion of my Greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not flow wildly in me, to defile small heere?

Pow. Why, a Prince should not be so loolely fluided, as to remember to weake a Composition.

Prin. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got. I in (instruct) I do now remember the poor Creature, Studwicke there. But indeede his humble considerations make me out of love with my Greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy Name? I do not know why thy face to morrow? Or take to note how many pair of Silk stockings I hast (Viz.,thee, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones.) Or beare the Inventory of thy thirses, as one for superfluity, and one other, for vse. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knows better then I, for it is a low ebb of Limmon with thee, when thou kept it not Racket there, as thou hast done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries, have made a shift to cete up thy Holland.

Pow. How all it follows, after you have labord so hard, you should talk so idedly? Tell me how many good young Princes would do of this, their Fathers lying so idle as yours?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, Powitz? I

Pow. Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It shall issue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine,

Pow. Go to: I flend the puff of one of thy thing, that you tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be fad nor my Father be fad: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for sure of a better, to call my friend) I could be fad, and fad indeed too.

Pow. Very hardly, upon such a frabed.

Prin. Thou think it me as farre in the Duisels Book, as thou, and Follaffe, for obdurance and perserverent. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleed in wardly, that my Father is so ficker and keeping such wild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all offentation of forrow.

Pow. The reason?

Prin. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Pow. I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be every mans thought: and thou art a bleffed Fellow, to think as every man thinkes: because he thought in the world, keeps the Rodle-wray better then thine: every man would think me an Hypocrite indeed. And what accites thy most worshipfull thought to thinke so?

Pow. Why, because you have been so lewde, and so much ingraffed to Follaffe.

Prin. And to thee.

Powitz. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine owne ears; the worth that they can say of mine, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellow of my hands: and those two things I confesse I cannot help. Looko, looko, here comes Bardolfe.

Prin. And the Boy that I gave Follaffe, he had him from me Christian, and set if the wise villain have not trans formed him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Pow. Save your Grace.

Prin. Pray yours, most Noble Bardolfe,

Pow. Come, you permission Ape, you mustfull Fool, muft you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what a Maidensly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Potelle-port Maidens-head.

Page. He calle me even now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could difference no part of his face from the window.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Page. None my Lord, but old Mistris Quickby, and M. Dell Tanne-Moe.

Prim. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kentwoman of my Master.

Prim. Euen such Kin, as the Parishes Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?

Shall we steale upon them (Ned) at Supper?

Page. I am your shado, my Lord, lie follow you.

Prim. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your Master that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your silence.

Bar. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will governe it.

Prim. Fare ye weel: go.

This Dell Tanne-Moet should be some Rode.

Page. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene S. Albans, and London.

Prim. How might we see Tolleff beflow himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not our felues be scene?

Page. Put on two Leather Jerkins, and Apions, and waite upon him at his Table like Drawers.

Prim. From a God, to a Bull! A heautie declension: it was Ioues cafe. From a Prince, to a Pretence, a low transforms, that shall be mine: for in very thing, the purpoe must weigh with the solly. Follow me Ned. 

Scene Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Lady, and Harris, Prince of Wales.

North. I prethee loving Wife, and gentle Daughter, Give an euery way into my rough Affaires;

Put not you on the vigile of the Times,

And be like them to Pericet, troublesome,

Wife. I have given ouer, I will speak no more.

Do what you will: your Wifedome, be your guide.

North. Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawn,

And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

La. Oh yes, for heauens sake, go not to these Waars;

The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,

When you were more endeared to it, then now.

When your owne Perez, when my heart-deere, Harry,

Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father

Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine.

Who then perwaied you to stay at home?

There were two Honors lost; Yours, and your Sonnes.

For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it:

For his, it flooke upon him, as the Sonne

In the gray waile of Heauen: and by his Light

Did all the Chevalrie of England move

To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Gleasse

Wherein the Noble-Youth did dreffe themselves.

He had no Legges, that prattich'd not his Gate:

And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)

Became the Accents of the Valiant.

For those that could speake low and tardily,

Would turne their owne Speech, to Abuse,

To deceit like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,

In Diet, in Affections of delight,

In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Enter Falstaff, and Sir John.

Falst. Whene Arthrur first in Court.—(emptie the Jordan) and was a worthy King: How now Miftis Dul?


Falst. So is all her Sex: if they be once in a Calme, they are sick.

Dul. You maddie Ralph, is that all the comfort you give me?

Falst. You make fat Raffals, Miftis Dul.

Dul. I make them? Gluttonie and Disease make them, I make them not.

Falst. If the Cooke make the Gluttony, you help to make the Diseases (Dul) we catch of you (Falst) we catch of you: Grant that, my poor Vortuce, grant that.

Dul. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Jewels.

Falst. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to ferue bralyly, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breast, with his Pipe bent bralyly, and to Surgeon braly; to venture upon the charg’d-Chambers bralyly.

Falst. Why this is the odie fashion: you two never meece, but you fall to some discorde: you are both (in good truth) as Rhenuskiat as two drie Toffe, you cannot one beare with another Confiniments. What the good-yeare? One must beare, and that must bee you: you are the weaker Vellell; as they say, the emptier Vellell.

Dul. Can a weake emptie Vellell bearre such a hugh full Hight-head? There’s a whole Marchams Venture of Bredoux-Stuffe in him; you have not seene a Halke better flutt in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee Jacke: Thou art going to the Warrs, and whether I shall ever see thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient Parle is below, and would speake with you.

Dul. Hang him, swaggering Raffle, let him nor come hither: it is the foule-mouth’d Rogue in England.

Falst. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must lie amongst my Neighbors, lie no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and same, with the very belt; shut the doore, there comes no Swaggerers here: I have not lidd all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the doore, I pray you.

Falst. Do’t thou hear, Heuffe?

Falst. Praye you pacifie your selfe (Sir John) there comes no Swaggerers here.
Bar. Pray thee goe downe, goodAncients.  
Falf. Heate thee hithe, Mifritis Dol.  
Pulp. Not 1: I tell thee what, Corporall Bardolph, I could see thee: He be reng'e d'on her.  
Page. Pray thee goe downe.  
Pulp. Ille see thee hithe'd first: to Pius's dam'd Lake, to the Intinmal Depee, where Erebos and Fortilles virlde alfo. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe Dogges, downe Faces: haue wee not Heron here?  
Hoft. Good Captaine Prefet be quiet, it is very late: I beleve you now, aggravate your Choler.  
Pulp. Thefe be good Eumors indeede. Shall Pack-Hories, and hollow-panner'd Iadets of Afia, which cannot goe but thritye miles a day, compare with Cæsar, and with Canibals, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King Coronbus, and let the Welkin roar: shall wee fall foule for Toyes?  
Hoft. By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter words.  
Bar. Be gone, good Ancients: this will grow to a Brave anon.  
Pulp. Die men, like Dogges, gie Crowsnes like Pines: Haue we not Heron here?  
Hoft. On my word of Captaine there's none such here. What the good-yere, doe you think I would deny her? I pray be quiet.  
Pulp. Then feed, and be for (my faire Calopola) Come, give me some Sack, Si fortunem me terriment, feret me con- tinent. Fare weew broad-sides? No, let the Princ grace: Give me some Sack: and Sweeter-heart bys shoot there: Come wee to full Points here, and are et cetera's nothing?  
Fald. I would be quiet.  
Dall. Thrifit him downe staryes, I cannot endure such a Fulfitt Raffcall.  
Pulp. Thrifit him downe staryes? knowe we not Gallo- way Nagg's?  
Fald. Quitit hime downe (Barthol) like a frouse-great fulling: nay, it hee doeth nothing but speake nothing, hee shall be nothing here.  
Bar. Come, get you downe staryes.  
Pulp. What? shall wee haue incitacion? shall weem be- wrome? then Death rocke me aleeppe, abridge my doeluff dayes: why then let grievues, galpy, gaping Wounds, vantwin the Sistres three: Come Atreus, I say.  
Fald. Here's good stuffe toward.  
Fald. Give me my Rapier, Boy.  
Pulp. I prethee lack, I prethee doe not draw.  
Fald. Get you downe staryes.  
Fald. Here's a goodly tumul: Ille forteare keeping house, before Il be in these tirrits, and frights. Soe, Mur- ther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Weapons, put vp your naked Weapons.  
Pulp. I prethee lack be quiet, the Raffcall is gone: ah, you whorsiton little vaissant Villainy, you.  
Hoft. Are you not hurt th' Groyne? me thought she made a threat at your Belly.  
Fald. Have you turnd him out of doores?  
Bar. Yes Sir: the Raffcall's drunk: you have hurt him (Sir) in the shoulder.  
Fald. A Raffcall to brave me.  
Fald. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poor Ape, how thou fawnt' it? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorsiton Chops: Ah Rounge, I loue thee: Thou
art as valorous as [illegible] of Troy, well born of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fu. A rascally Slave, I will toffe the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Do, Sir, thou dost it for thy heart: if thou dost it, I'll cause thee between a pair of Sheetes.

Enter Musique.

Page. The Musique is come, Sir.

Fu. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, Dol. A Rascal, bringing Slave: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-fluer.

Dol. And thou follow'dst him like a Church: thou thorsiron little styde Barshomew Bore-pigge, whilist thou leuse fighting on days, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch up thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Poins disguised.

Fu. Peace (good Dol.) does not speak like a Death's-head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrus, what humour is the Prince of?

Fu. A good shallow young fellow: hee would have made a good Paunter, hee would have chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They say Poins hath a good Wit.

Fu. Hee a good Wit? hang him Daboon, his Wit is as thick as Twyabone Moflaid: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Muller.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fu. Because their Legges are both of a buggele: and hee plays at Quoits well, and eares Conger and Penell, and drinks off Candies ends for Flap-dragns, and rides the wilde Mare with the Boys, and jumps upon fooyd-flooles, and fwerces with a great grace, and weares his Boot very smoo, like unto the Sigite of the Legge; and breedes no bare with telling of discurte stories: and such other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that shew a weake Mind, and an able Body, for which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himselfe is such another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their Haber-de-pois.

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheeler haue his Eares cut off?

Poins. Let us hear him before his Whore.

Prince. Look here, if the wicked Elder haath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Dol. Is it not strange, that Desire should so many yeeres out-use performance?

Fu. Kisse me Dol.

Prince. Saturne and Venus this yeere in Conjunction: What fayes the Almanauch to that?

Poins. And looke whether the ffeere Trigge, his Map, be not lying to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Bookes, his Councill-keeper?

Fu. Thou dont give me flatt ring Buffles.

Dol. Nay truly, I kisse thee with a most complent heart.

Fu. I am old, I am olde.

Dol. I chose thee better, then I chose a famous Young Boy of them all.

Dol. What Stuffe wilt thou haue a Kinde of? I shall receiue Money on thursday: thou shalt haue a Cappe to morrow. A merry Song, come: it growes late, wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt let me a weeping, if thou sayst so: proue that ever I dreffe my selfe handsome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fu. Some Sack, Francis.

Poins. None, none.

Fu. The Baffard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou Poins, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of finfull Continents, what a Life doth thou lead?

Fu. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw thee out by the Eares.

Fu. Oh, the Lord preferre thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen bleste that sweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Dol. Thou whorsiron mad Compound of Maiefie; by this light Flieh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.


Poins. My Lord, hee will drive you out of your ruggence, and turne all to a merryment, if you take not the heare.

Prince. You whorsiron Candle-mynye you, how wildly did you speake of me even now, before this honest, vertuous, civil Gentlewoman?

Fu. Blessing on your good heart, and so fierce is by my truth.

Fu. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you rane away by Gras-hill: I knew I was at your back, and spooke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

Fu. No, no, no: not so: I did not think, thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive thee then to confesse the wilfull abuse; and then I know how to handle thee.

Fu. No abuse (Had) on mine Honor, no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraye me: and call me Paunter, and Bread-chopper: and I know not what.

Fu. No abuse (Had).

Poins. No abuse?


Fu. I disprayed him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him: In which doing, I have done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subject, and thy Father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse (Had) none (Ned) none: no Hayes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Fearce, and entire Cowardly, doth not make thee this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with vs? Is thine Holleffe heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest Bardolph (whole Zecale burnes in his Note) of the Wicked?

Fu. Someone thou dead Elme, answere.

Fu. The Fiend hath packt downe Bardolph recognizable, and his Face is Lucifere Priyi-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but rost Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill outbids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fu. For one of them, thine is in Hell already, and burnes poure Soules: for the other, I owe her Money: and whether thee fees bee dam'd for that, I know not.

Fu. No, I warrant you.

Fu. No.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Fal. No, I think thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment upon thee, for suffocating thief to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for which I think thou wilt bowle.

Hoff. All Viduellers doe so: What is a lovyn of Murton or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What sayes your Grace?

Hoff. His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebels against.

Hoff. Who knocks so loud at door? Looke to the door there, Francis?

Enter Peter.

Prince. Peter, how now? what newes?

Peter. The King, your Father, is at Welfington, and there are twenty-weake and weared Poletes, come from the Northa: and as I came along, I met, and ouer-took a dozen Captaines, bareheaded, sweateing, knocking at the Taverns, and asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By Heauen (Poes) I feele me much to blame, so idly to prophane the precious time, when Tempet of Commotion, like the South, Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, and drop upon our bare assumed heads.

Give me my Sword, and Cloake:

Falstaff, good night.

Falst. Now comes in the sweeter Morballs of the night, and wee must hence, and leave it vnpickt, More knocking at the door? How now? what is the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently, A dozen Captaines stay at doore for you.

Falst. Pay the Multians, Sirrha: farewell Hoistell, farewell Dol. You see (my good Wench) how men of Merit are bought after: the vndereruer may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on, Farewell good Wench: if I be not lent away poise, I will see you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not ready to burst— Well (sweete Lucky) have a care of thy selfe.

Falst. Farewell, farewell.

Hoist. Well, fare thee well: I have knowne thee these twentie nine yeares, come Peascod-time: but an honeister, and truer-hearted man— Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mithris Trenstreet. Hoist. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mithris Trenstreet come to my Master.

Hoist. Oh runne Dol, runne: runne, good Dol.

Exeunt.

How many thousand of my poorest Subjects Are at this house asleep? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe, Natures soft Nurse, how hauie I frustrated thee, That thou no more wilt weign my eye-dais downe, And sleepe my Sences in Forgetfulness? Why rather (Sleepe) livest thou in sinostic Cribs, Vpon vneaste Pallads breathing thee, And hastight with buffing Night, flyes to thy Lumber, Then in the perfumes Chambers of the Great? Vnder the Canopys of stoutly State, And lull'd with sounds of sweeteest Melodie? O thou dull God, why livest thou with the wilde, In loathsome Beds, and leaftn't the Kingly Couch, A Watch-candle, or a common Lamin-Bell? Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Maft, Scalest the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines, In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge, And in the vibration of the Windes, Vnder the Ruffian Billows by the top, Cutting their monfrous heads, and hanging them With draffing Clamors in the flipp'ry Clouds, That with the hurrey, Death it selfe awakes? Canst thou (O partial Sleepe) give thy Repose To the wet Sea-Boy, in an hour to rude; And in the calmeft, and most stilllet Night, With all appliances, and means to boore, Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, eye downe, Vneaste lies the Head, that wears a Crowne.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrows to your Maleifie.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords) Have you read the Letters that I sent you?

War. We have (my Liege).

King. Then you perceive the Body of our Kingdome, How soule it is: what ranke Disease grow, And with what danger, neere the Heart of it? War. It is but as a Body, yet distempered, Which to his former strengthe may be returnd, With good advice, and little Medicine.

My Lord Northumberland will soone be cool'd, King. Oh Heaven! that one might read the Book of Fate, And fee the resolution of the Times Make Mountains leuell, and the Continent (Wearie of liddle firmenesse) smelt it selfe Into the Sea: and other Times, to see The beache Girdle of the Ocean Too wide for Neptune's hisses; how Chances mocks And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration With divers Liquors, 'Tis not sorne yeares gone Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends, Did feast together; and in two yeares after Were they at Warses. It is but eight yeares since, This Pever was the man, neerest my Soule, Who, like a Brother, tody'd in my Affaires, And layd his Life vnder my foot: Yes, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard Gave him defeance, But which of you was by (You Cousin Nevil, as I may remember) When Richard, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares, (Then check'd, and rated by Northumberland) Did speake these words (now proud of a Propiicie) Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which


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Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Go, call the Eselles of Surrey, and of Warwick: But ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters, And well consider of them: make good speed, Exit.
My Cousin Bridgwater attends my Throat: (Though then Heisen knows, I had no such intent, But that necessities do howd’th’ State, That land Greatnirle were compelled to kiss.) The Time shall come (thus did he follow it) The Time will come, that foule Siame gathering head, Shall break into Corruption: so went on, Forstelling this same Times Condition, And the division of our Amity. 

War. There is a Historie in all mens Lives, Figuring the nature of the Times deceased: The which obtent, a man may prophesie With a mere axyme, of the maine chance of things, As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes And weake beginnings lyce entreated: Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time; And by the necessarie forme of this, King Richard might create a perfect guffe, That great Northumberland, then fall to him, Would of that Seed, grow to a greater fallingesse, Which should not finde a ground to roote upon, Vnlees on you.

King. Are these things then Necessitie? Then let vs meete them like Necessitie; And let these words, now now cryes out on vs: They say, the Bishop and Northumberland Are fife thousand and strong. 

War. It cannot be (my Lord.) Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Echo, The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace To goe to bed, upon my Life (my Lord) The Pow’rs that you already haue lent forth, Shall bring this Prize in very ealiety.

To comfort you the more, I have receiued A certaine incence, that Gloedow is dead, Your Matshal hath beene this fortie-pightill, And these vanity of howses perforce must addde Unto your Sicknesse. 

King. I will take your counteine: And were these inward Warres once out of hand, Wee would (deare Lords) unto the Holy-Land. 

Excuse.

Secona Secunda.

Enter Shalow and Silence with Montlie, Shadow, Wurt, Tedde, Bull-calf.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: gie mee your Hand,Sir: gie mee your Hand, Sir: an early harrow, by the Roof, And how doth my good Cousin Silence?

Sil. Good-morrow,good Cousin Shalow.

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow? and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a blacke Oxent (Cousin Shalow.) Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin William is become a good Scholler: hee is at Oxford still, is hee not?

Sil. Indeede Sir,so my coft.

Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I was once of Climents Inne; where (I thinke) they will take of and Shalow yet.

Sil. You were call’d Luxlie Shalow then(Cousin.)

Shal. I was call’d any thing; and I would have done any thing indee indee too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Dair of Staffordshire, and blache George Bars, and Purches Pick, and voile and Willy Sowle a Cox-tail-man, you had not foure such Swin декабрь-bucklers in all the Times of Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where the Bona-Resa’ were, and had the beft of them all at commandement. Then was Jacke Falstaffe (now Sir John) a Boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John (Cousin) that comes hither amongst so few Souldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very fame: I saw him breake Scoggo’s Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was a Crack, not thus high: and the very faire day did I fight with one Samson Stock-fist, a Fruiter, behind Greyes-Tyme. Oh the mad dayes that I have spente! and to see how many of mine olde Acquaintances are dead?

Sil. We shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certayne tis certain: very sure, very sure: Death is certain to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke of Stullockes at Stamford Faye?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your Towne living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead? See, fee: he drew a good Bow and dead? hee shot a fine flouece. John de Gaunt loued him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? hee would haue clapt in the Cliff at Twelvecorone, and carried you a fore-hand Shalt at foureteene, and foureteene, and foureteene, and a halfe, that it would have done a mens heart good to see. How a face of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a face of good Ewes may be worth ten pounts.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Hierc come two of Sir John Falstaffe’s Men (as I thinke.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen. 

Bard. I believe you, which is Justice Shalow?

Shal. I am Robert Shalow (Sir) a poore Esquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Justices of the Peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you: my Captaine, Sir John Falstaffe: a tall Gentleman, and a might gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greets me well: (Sir) I knew him a good good-Eve-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I ask, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardons: a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said,Sir; and it is well said, indeeinde, too: Better accommodated: it is good, yea indeeinde it is: good phrasers are surely, and every where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of Accommodate: very good, a good Phrasa.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrasa call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrasa: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is (as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being whereby
wherby he thought to be accommodated, which is an
excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very inkt: Booke, heere coms good Sir
John. Gue me your hand, give me your Worthys good
hand, I se you lookes well: and bear your wares
very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. Robert Sha-
low, Master Sure-card as I think it.

Shal. No sir John, its my Colin Silence. In Commissi-
on with mee.

Fal. Good M. Silence, it well befits you should be
of the peace.

Shal. Your good Worship, it welcome.

Fal. Fye, this hot weather (Gentlemen) have you
provided me here half a dozen of sufficient men.

Shal. Many have we; or; Will you see it.

Fal. Let me see them, I believe you.

Shal. Where's the Rolls? Where's the Roll? Where's
the Roll? Let me fee, let me see, let me see: fo, fo, fo, fo;
yes, Sir; and in Master Monddie let them appear as I call
them do fo, let them do fo: Let me fee, Where is
Monddie?

Moult. Here, fie, if pleases you.

Shal. What thinke you (Sir John) a good limb'd fel-
yow, young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Monddie?

Moult. Yeaf, if it please you.

Fal. Tin the while time you were so'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mon-
diele, lacke vве: very singular good. Well beside Sir John,
very well said.

Fal. Prickle him.

Moult. I was pricket well enough before, if you could
have let me alone: my old Dame will be vnconference
now for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need
to have pricket me, there are other men fitter to goe
out then I.

Fal. Go too: peace Monddie, you shall goe. (Monddie,
it is time you were spent.

Moult. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow peace; stand aside: Know you
where you are? For the other sir John: Let me see: Simon
Shallow.

Fal. I marry, let me have him to sit vnder: he's like to
be a cold olistour.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shal. Heree sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose femme art thou?

Shal. My Mothers femme, Sir.

Fal. Thy Mothers femme: like enough, and thy Fa-
thers shadow: so the femme of the Female, is the shadow
of the Male; it is oft enough: indeed, but nor of the Fathers
substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for Summer: prickle him: For
wee have a number of shadowes to fill vpp the Mutter-
Booke.

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Heere sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I prickle him doone,

Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous: for his apparel is built up
on his backe, and the whole frame stands upon pinsprick
him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, you can do it: for you can doe it: I
counsel you well.

Fenric Pasche.

Pasch. Heree sir.

Fal. What Tract ar thou Pasch?

Pasch. A Womans Taylor fir.

Shal. Shall I prickle him, sir?

Fal. You may.

But if he had been a man Taylor, he would have prick'd
you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Bat-
taille, as thou hast done in a Womans petticoat?

Pasch. I will doe my good will fir, you can have no
more.

Fal. Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde
Courageous Pasch: thou wilt be a valiant as the wrath-
full Doue, or most magnanimous Monke. Prickle the wom-
ans Tailour well Master Shalow, deeps Master Shal-
low.

Pasch. I would were this might have gone fir.

Fal. I would thou were a man Tailor, that I might
mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to
a priuate foother, that is the Leader of so many thun-
ders. Let that suffer, most Forfeite Pasch.

Pasch. It shall soffe.

Fal. I am bound to thee, remembe Pasch. Who is
the next?

Shal. Peter Bulicatte of the Greene.

Fal. Ye a marry, let vs fee Bulicatte.

Bul. Heree sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, prickle me Buli-
catte till he roars again.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Capitaine.

Fal. What do't thou roare before that art pricket.

Bul. Oh sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What diseafe haft thou?

Bul. A whorton cold fir, a cough fir, which I caught
with Ringing in the Kings affayets, vspon his Coronation
day fir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt goe to the Warres in a Gowne:
we will have away thy Cold, and I will take such order,
that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number: you
must have but foure heere fir, and I pray you go in
with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot
tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good trouth, Master
Shallow.

Shal. Sir John, doe you remembe since wee was last
all night in the Windes-mill, in S Georges Field.

Falicatte. No more of that good Master Shallow: No
more of that.

Shal. Hat it was a merry night. And is Love Night-
workly alue?

Fal. She liues, M. Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Neuer, neuer: she would always by thee could
not abide M. Shallow.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: shee was then a
Bona-Roba. Dooth shee hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M. Shallow.

Shal. Nay, shee must be old, shee cannot choose but be
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old;
old: certaine file’s old; and bad Robin Night-walkes, by old Night-walkes, before I came to Clementes inne.
Shal. Hah, Cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that, that this Knight and I have seen: hah, Sir John, said I well?
Faf. We have heard the Chymes at mid-night, Master Shallow.
Shal. That we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was, Hen-Boyes. Come, let’s to Dinner; come, let’s to Dinner: Oh the days that we have seen, Come, Come.
But. Good Master Corporal Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is foure Harry termes glistening in French Crowns for you: in very truth, sir, I had as lie de hang’d fir, as goe: and yes, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a defite to play with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.
Bard. Go-to; stand aside.
Mund. And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my old Daines fake, stand my friend: thee hast no body to do any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot help her self: you shall have foure, sir.
Bard. Go-to; stand aside.
Faf. Feeble, I care not, a man can die but once: wee are all death: I will neuer beare a base minde: if it be my defince, jo: if it be not, jo: no man is too good to serve her Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he dies that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.
Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.
Faf. Feeble, Nay, I will bear no base minde.
Faf. Come fir, which men shall I have?
Shal. Four of which you please.
Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound, to free Cholinde and Bull-calf.
Faf. Go-to; well.
Shal. Come, Sir John, which foure will you have?
Faf. Do you chuse for me?
Shal. Marry then, Cholinde, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.
Faf. Cholinde and Bull-calf: for you, Maudlin, stay at home, till you are past sheere: and for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you. Sir John, Sir John, do not your felie wrong, they are your likelyest men, and I would have you fern’d with the best.
Faf. Will you tell me (Master Shallow) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Theves, the stature, bukle, and biggest absemblage of a man? giue mee the spirit (Master Shallow) Where’s Wart? you see what a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, witter then hee that gibbers on the Brewers Buckets. And this famous half-fac’d fellow, Shadow, giue me this man: hee pretents no marke to the Enemy, the foe-man may with as great syme leasell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retract, how festivel will this Feeble, the Woman Taylor, runne off. O, giue mee the ipare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calverier into Warte band, Bardolph.
Bard. Hold Wart, Tranier: thus, thus, thus.
Faf. Come, manage me your Calverier: i have very well, go-to, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me always some little, Leaue, old, chop, bald Shot, Well said Wart, thou are a good Scab: hold, there is a Teller for thee.
Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end, Greene, when I lay at Clementes inne, I was then Sir Daggers in Arthur’s show: there was a little quiper fellow, and hee would manage you his Piece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee say, Bowance would hee say, and away againe would hee goo, and againe would hee come: I shall never see such a fellow.
Faf. These fellows will doe well, Master Shallow.
Shal. Sir John, Heauen bleffe you, and prosper your Affairs, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the Courte.
Faf. I would you would Master Shallow. Shal. Go-to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.
Exit.
Faf. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On Bardolph, leade the men away. As I returne, I will feetch off these Jourtees: I doe see the bottom of Juffice Shal-
In, how each wee old men are to this side of Ly-
ing? This familiard Juffice hath done nothing but_pre-
to of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feares hee hath done about Turnbull-street, and every third word a Lye, dier pay’d to the hearer, then the Turks Tribute. I doe remember him at Clementes inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheefe-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantastically car’d upon it with a Knife. Hee was to forlome, that his Dimensions (to any thickse figh) were inuincible. Hee was the very Gennus of Fareme: hee came out in the reare-ward of the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if hee had beene twome Brother to him: and Be be iworne hee never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burn’d his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men, I saw it, and told John of Gaunt, hee burn’d his own Name, for you might have ruf’d him and all his Apparell into an Eele-skinnen: the Cave a Treble Horseboy was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beaus. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it shall goo hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Duke be a Boy for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may stop at him. Let time flappe, and there an end.
Exeunt.

Aitius Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-bishop, Marwbray, Hallings, Weilerland, Colatys.

Bith. What is this Forrester call’d?
Haff. Tis Guidelere Forrester, and tis shall please your Grace.
Bith. Here stand (my Lords) and send discoucers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Half. Wee.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Hast. We have lost forth alreadie.

Bish. This well done.

My Friends, and Brethren in these great Affairs I must acquaint you, that I have receive
New-named Letters from Northumberland:
Their cold intent, tenure, and subtledence thus, Here doth hee with his Person, with such Powers As might hold forstane with his Qualitie, The which hee could not leste; whereupon He is set at, to rise his growing Fortunes, To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers, That your Attempts may over-rite the hazard, And fearfull meeting of their Opposite.

Now. Thus do the hopes we have in him, touch ground, And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.


Mess. Well of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile, In goodly forme, comes on the Enemy: And by the ground they hide, I judge their number Vpon, or nearer, the rate of thirteen thousand.

Now. The swift proportion that we gaite them out.

Let's wary-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westminster.

Bish. What well-appointed I eader fronts vs here? Now. I think it is my Lord of Westminster.

West. Health, and faire greeting from our General, The Prince, Lord John, and Duke of Lancaster.

Bish. Say on (my Lord of Westminster) in peace, What doth concern your comming?

West. Then (my lord) Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefes address The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion Came like it selfe, in bale and abiet Rous, Led on by bloody Youth, guarded with Rage, And countenanced by Boyes, and Beggerie: I say, if damned Commotion appear, In his true, native, and most proper shape, You (Ruerent Father, and those Noble Lords) Had not been here, to drecy the oughe forme Of bafe, and bloody Insurrection.

With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop, Whole Sea is by a Guille Peace maintain'd, Whole boarde the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd, Whole Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath; tutors, Whole white Inhabitants figure Innocence, The Dune, and very blest Spirit of Peace.

Wherefore doe you so ill transtil your feet, Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace, Into the harsh and boyrous' Tongue of Warre? Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood, Your Pences to Lances, and your Tongue divine To a lowd Trumpe, and a Point of Warre.

Bish. Wherefore doe I this? to the Question stand. Briefely to this end: Wee are all discus'd, And with our surfecting, and wanton howres, Have brought our selves into a burning Fier, And wee must bleed for it: of which Difera, Our late King Richard (being infecte) dy'd, But (my moit Noble Lord of Westminster) I take not on me here as a Phisician, Nor doe I, as an Enemy to Peace,

To-soup in the Throats of Militarie men.

But rather show a white like fearfull Warre, To dye in the ranke Minde, fickle of happinesse, And purge th'obstruptions, which begin to flop Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainly, I hauie in equall balance subtly weight'd, What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer, And finds our Grievses heauie then our Offences. Wee fee which way the Frame of Time doth runne, And are enforc'd from our moit quiet there, By the rough Torrent of Occasion.

And haue the summarie of all our Grievses (When time shall ferue) to shew in Articles; Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King, And might, by no Suit, gaine our Audience; When wee are wrong'd, and would unfold our Grievses, Wee are deny'd access into his Person, Even by their men, that most haue done vs wrong.

The dangers of the dayes but newly gone, Whole memerie is written on the Earth With yet appearing blood; and the examples Of every Murenes incantate (pretent now) Hath put vs in these ill-becoming Armes. Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it, But to establish here a Peace indee, Concerning both in Name and Qualitie.

West. When euer yet was your Apellacy deny'd? Wherein have you beene gallyed by the King?

What Peere hath beene subm'td, to graze on you, That you should feale this lawfull bloody Book.

Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Serle divine?

Bish. My Brother generall, the common-wealth, I make my Quarrall, in particular.

West. There is no neede of any such redresse; Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Now. Why not to him in part, and to vs all, That feel the buruzes of the dayes before, And suffer the Condition of these Times To lay a hennie and uncall'd Hand upon our Honors? West. O my good Lord, I humbly, Cease the Times to their Necessities, And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time, And not the King, that doth you injuries.

Yet for your part, it not appeares to me, Either from the King, or in the present Time, That you should have an ynych of any ground To build a Griece on: were you not referred to All the Duke of Norfolk's Siegennies, Your Noble, and right well, remembered Fathers?

West. What thing, in Honore, had my Faather loyt, That need be to resuid, and breath in me? The King that lord'd him, as the State floor thin, Was force'd, perforce compelled to banish him: And then, that Henry Bolingbroke and hee Being mounted, and both trowed in their States, Their neighing Couriers darting of the Square, Their armes Stance in order to the field, their Beasts doe one, Their eyes of igh, sparking through lights of Steele, And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together Then, then, when there was nothing could haue stay'd My Father from the Breath of Bolingbrooke.

O, when the King did throw his Warde downe, (His owne Life hanging upon the Staffes hee throw) Then throw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues, That by Indiscreet, and by shot of Sword, Haue lives mistit, carrying vnde, Bullingbrooke.


The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

West. You speak (Lord Northmore) now you know not what. The Earl of Hereford was reputed then In England the most valiant Gentleman. Who knows, on whom Fortune would then have fast'ned? But if your Father had beene Victor there, Hee were hath borne it out of Countrie, For all the Countrie, in a generall vyce, Cry'd hath upon him: and all their prayers, and lone, Were set on Hereford, whom they disdained, And blest is, and grand'd, and did more then the King. But this is mere digression from my purpose. Here come I from our Princely General, To know your Grievances to tell you, from his Grace, That hee will give you Audience: and wherein It shall appeare, that your demands are just. You shall enjoy them, every thing set off, That might so much as think you Enemies. 

May. But hee hath for'd vs to compell this Offer, And it proceedes from Policy, not Love. 

West. Monaster, you ouer-weene to take it so: This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Fear. For loe, within a Ken our Army lies, Upon mine Honor, all too confident To give a admittance to a thought of Fear. Our Battall is more full of Names then yours, Our Men more perfect in the vie of Armes, Our Amor all as strong, our Caute the best; Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good. Say you northen, our Offer is compell'd. 

May. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley. 

Well. That argues but the shame of your offence: A rotten Café abides no handling, 

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full Commission, In very ample venue of his Father, To hear, and absolutely to determine Of what Conditions were shall find upon? 

Well. That is intended in the Generals Name: I mute you make so flight a Question, 

Bib. Then take (my Lord of Westminster) this Schedule, For this contains our generall Grievances: Each generall Article herein redres'd, All members of our Cause, both here, and hence, That are inflicted to this Action, Acquired by a true substantall forme, And present execution of our wills, To vs, and to our purposes confin'd, Wee come within our awful Banks againe, And keep our Powers to the Arme of Peace. 

Well. This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords, In Flight of both our Battales, wee may meete At either end in peace: which Heauen so frame, Or to the place of difference call the Swords, Which must decide it. 

Bib. My Lord, wee will doe so. 

Well. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me, That no Conditions of our Peace can stand. 

Hall. Fear ye nor, that if wee can make our Peace Vpon such large terms, and to absolute, As our Conditions shall confine upon, Our Peace shall stand as firm as Rockie Mountaines. 

May. I but our valuation shall be such, That every flight, and false-derived Caute, Yea, every title, nice, and waiton Reason, Shall, to the King, taste of this Action: That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Lorn, Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde, That even our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe, And good from bad finde no partition. 

Bib. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is weary Of daintie, and such picking Grievances: For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death, Renues two greater in the Heirs of Life, And therefore will hee wipe his Tables clean, And keep no Tell-tale to his Memorie, That may repeat, and Historie his loftie, To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes, Hee cannot so procede weede this Land, As his mis-doubts pretend occasion: His foes are to euerside with his friends, That plucking to vnise an Enemie, Hee doth vsnaften fo, and llake a friend. So that this Land, like an offensive wife, That hath engag'd him on, to offer brokes, As he is striking, holds his Infant vp, And hanges refus'd Correction in the Arme, That was vpread to execution. 

Hall. besides, the King hath waffted all his Rods, On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke The very Instraments of Chalfacement: So that his power, like to a Fanglefe Lion May offer, but not hold. 

Bib. 'Tis very true: And therefore be eflair'd (my good Lord Marshal) If we do now make our attention well, Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe visited) Grow stronger, for the breaking. 

May. Be it so: Here is return'd my Lord of Westminster. 

Enter Westminster. 

West. The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship To meet his Grace, but distance twixt our Armies? 

May. Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward. 

Bib. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come. 

Enter Prince John. 

John. You are at well encounter here (my cousin Northmore) Good day to you, gentle Lord Archibishop, And so to you Lord Hastings, and to all, My Lord of Yorke, it better weal'd with you, When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell) Encircled you, to hear with reverence Your expostulation on the holy Text, Then now to see you here an Iron man Clearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme, Turning the Word, to Sword, and Life to death: That man that sits within a Monarches heart, And vips in the Same-flame of his favour, Would shee abuse the Countenance of the King, Alack, what Mischiefs might shee let abroach, In shadow of such Greatness? With you, Lord Bishop, It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken, How deeppe were you within the Bookes of Heauen? To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament; To vs, they imagine Voyce of Heauen it selfe: The very Opener, and Intelligencer, Between the Grace, the Sanctuaries of Heauen, And our dull workings. O, who shall believe, But you must vie the reverence of your Place, Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen, As a false Favorice doth his Princes Name, In deedes dis-honorable? You have taken vp, 

Vnder.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heaven, The Subjects of Heaven's Substitutes, my Father, And both against the Peace of Heaven, and him, Have here vp-swarmt them.

Bish. Good my Lord of Lancaster, I am not here against your Fathers Peace: But (as I told my Lord of Welfernland) The Time (quod-rer't) both in common fence Crow'd vs., and cruft vs., to this monstrous Forme, To hold our safetie vp. I sent your Grace The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe, The which hath been with scorne shou'd from the Court: Whereon this Hydra-Sone of Warre is borne, Whose dangerous eyes may well be char'd asleep, With graunt of our most just and right defiers; And true Obedience, of this Madneffe cur'd, Stoopes tamely to the foot of Maiestie.

Mon. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes, To the left man.

Haf. And though wee here fall downe, We haueSupplyes, to seconde our Attemp: If they mi-carry, theirs shall second them. And fo, successe of Michiefle shall be borne, And Heere from Here he shall hold this Quarrell vp, Whiles England shall have generation.

John. You are too shallow (Hafings) Much too shallow,
To found the bottome of the after-Times.

Wilt. Plesefeth your Grace, to anfwere them directly, How faire-forth you doe like their Articles.

John. I like them all, and doe allow the well: And sweare here, by the honor of my blood, My Fathers purposes have bene miftooke, And some, about him, have too laufibly Wrestled his meaning, and Authoritie, My Lord, thefe Griefes shall be with speed redreft: Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may pleafe you, Discharge your Powers vnto their feveral Counties, As wee will: and here, between the Armies, Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace, That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home, Of our restored Loue, and Amitie.

Bish. I take your Princely word, for thefe redresse, John. I gave it you, and will mainaine my word: And thereupon I drinke unto your Grace.

Haf. Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie This news of Peace: let them haue paye, and part: I know, it will well pleafe them.

High thee Captain. Exit.

Bish. To you, my Noble Lord of Welfernland, Wel. I pledge your Grace:
And if you knew what paines I have bellow'd, To breede this present Peace, You would drink freely: but my loue to ye, Shall bee no more openly hereafter.
Bish. I do not doubt you.
Wilt. I am glad of it.

Health to your Lord, and gentle Cousin Mowbray.

Mon. You with me health in very happy tealon, For I am, on the fonde, something ill.

Bish. Against ill Chances, men are ever merry, But heauenly fore-runs the good event.

Wilt. Therefore be willing, yee have fonde arrears
Serues to say thus; some good thing comes to morrow.
Bish. Beleeue me, I am paffing light in spirit.

Mon. So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.
Enter Prince John, and Westminster.

John. The heat is past, follow no further now: Call in the Powers, good Cousin Westminster.
Now Falstaff, where haste you beene all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come. These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life) One time, or other, break some Gallows back.

Falst. I would bee forth (my Lord) but it should bee thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Do you think me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Have I, in my poore and olde Motion, the expedition of Thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest ymph of posibillitez. I have fowndred nine score and oddre Points: and here (trauell-tainted as I am) have, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir JohnColeyn of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemy: But what of that? I bee faw mee, and yeelded: that I may unjustly lay with the books—now’sd fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer-came.

John. It was more of his Courtsey, then your deferring.

Falst. I know not: heere he is, and here you yeeld him: and I beeuch your Grace, let it be book’d, with the rest of this dayes deedes: or I liewere, I will have it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (Coleyns kitting my foot,) To the which course, if I be enforc’d, if you do not all fiewe like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o’er—shyne you as much as the Full Moonne doth the Cynders of the Element (which fiewe like Paines-heads to her) beleute not the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee have right, and let defer mount.

John. Thine is too beaute to mount.

Falst. Let it thine then.

John. Thine is too thick to shine.

Falst. Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is thy Name Coleyn?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

Falst. A famous Rebell art thou, Coleyn.

Col. And a famous true Subject took he me.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Better are.

Thas led me hither: had they beene rule’d by me, You should have wonne them dearer then you haue, Falst. I know not how they fold themselues, but thou like a kindle fellow, gau’t thy lefty away; and I thank thee, for thee.

Enter Westminster.

John. Hauie you left pursiue?

Wof. Retreat is made, and Execution stay’d.

John. Send Coleyn, with his Confederates, To Yorke, to prevent Execution. Blame, leade him hence, and see you guard his fure.

Exit with Coleyn.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords) I hear the King, my Father, is gone a fike. Our Neues shall goe before us, to his Maitriffie, Which (Cousin) you shall bee, to comfort him: And wee withlober speede will you follow.

Falst. My Lord, I beeuch you giue me leasure to go through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court, stand my good Lord, pray, in your good report.

John. Fare you well, Falstaff: in my condition, Shall better speake of you, then you defeuue. Exit.

Finis. I would you had but the wit: were better then your Dukedome. Good faith, this fame young sober-blooded Boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that’s no marvel, hee drinks no Wine. There’s never any of these damne Boys come to any proffesse: for thime Drink doth do to ouer-coole their blood, and making many Fickle-men, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greens-fickneness: and then when they marry, they get Wanches. They are generally Fools, and Cowards; which some of vs should bee too, but foe infiltration. A good Sierrez-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dries me there all the footliss, and dull, and croddie Vapours, which enuiron it: makes it apprehensif, quiek, forte, full of nimble,fister, and detectable shapes; which delister’d o’er to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of your excellent Sierrez, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold and fetel) left the Linner white, and pale: which is the Badge of Pulssalinisme, and Cowardize: but the Sierrez warms it, and makes it come from the inwards, to the parts exterior: it illuminatheth the Face, which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the rest of this little Kingdom (Man) to Arme: and then the Victall Commoners, and in land pettie Spirits, musifter me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and puffled upp with his Reine, doth any Deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sierrez. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that fets it a-worke:) and Learning, a meete Hoord of Gold, kept by a Descili, till Sack commences it, and fets it in act, and wfe. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, bee hath, like lean, flirrit, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and tyll’d, with excellent endeavoure of drinking good, and good store of Tertile Sierrez that bee is very heat, and valiant. If I had a thousand Sones, the first Principle I would teach them, should bee to forbear all thime Potations, and to addi’d themselves to Sack. Enter Bardeleth, How now Bardeleth?

Barth. The Arnie is discharged all, and gone.

Falst. Let them goe: Ile through Gloucestershire, and there will I visit Mafter Robert Shallow, Esquire: I haue him alreadie tempering between my finger and my thome, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

Excuse.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwick, Clarence, Gloucester. 

King. Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue us successfull end To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doors, Wee will our Youth lead on to higer Fields, And draw no Swords, but what are (and ifly’d) Our Naue is adressed, our Power collected, Our Substitutes, in absence, well infeated, And eveything lyes itself to our will; Onely wee want a little personal Strength: And pawfe vs, till these Rebels, now a foot, Come wnderneath the yoke of Government. 

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maitriffie Shall loose enjoy.

King. Hum-
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

King. Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince your Brother?  
Glo. I think he's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windor.

King. And how accompanied?  
Glo. I do not know (my Lord.)  

King. Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?  
Glo. No (my good Lord) he is in presence here.  
Clar. What would your Lord, and Father?  

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence. How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?  
Hee looses thee, and thou dost not neglect him (Thomas.)  
Thou hast a better place in his Affection, Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy) And Noble Offices thou mayst effect Of Mediation (after I am dead) Betweene his Greatness, and thy other Brethren: Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Love, Nor loose the good advantage of his Grace, By seeming cold, or carrelling of his will, For she is gracious, if she be obiedent: As hath a T'cure for Pride, and a Hand Open (as Day) for Mediating Charity: Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, shee's Flint, As humorous as Winter, and as sudden, As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day, His temper therefore must be well obiedent: Chide him for faults, and doe it reverently, When you perceive his blood enclowed to blithe, But being mordant, give him Line, and strike, Till that his passion (like a Whale on ground) Confound themselves with working: Leaue him this Thomas, And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends, A Hoop of Gold, to bine thy Brothers in: That the unitd Veissel of their Blood (Mingled with Vemon of Suggelston, As force, perseverance, the Age will powre it in) Shall never brake, though it doe worke as strong As Acquitum, or rass Gun-powder.

Clar. I shall obserue him with all care, and loue,  
King. Why art thou not at Windor with him (Thomas?)  

Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in Lonndon.  

King. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?  

Clar. With Poncey, and other his continuall followers.

King. Most subiect is the fairest Soyle to Weedes: And he (the Noble Image of my Youth) Is once spreading with them: therefore my griefs Stretches it selfe beyond the heauens of desire. The Blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shawe (In forms imaginat) thy Guiding Diues, And rotten Times, that you shall looke vpon, When I am sleeping with my Afectors, For when his head-strong Riot hatt no Curbe, When Rage and hot-blood are his Counsellors, When Meanes and lasth Manners meete together, Oh, what processe Winges shal his Affections file Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?  

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite: The Prince but studys his Companions, Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language, Tis needfull, that the most immodest word Be lookd vpon, and learn'd: which once atayd, Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vse, But to be knowne, and hated. So, like groffe termes, The Prince will, in the perfection of time, Call off his followes: and their memorie Shall as a Pattern, or a Medalline, By which his Grace must meete the lives of others, Turning past-inputs to advantage.

King. Tis feldsome, when the bee doth leaue her Combe In the dead Carriion.

Enter Wofmerland.

Who's heere? Wofmerland?  

Wof. Health to my Souersigne, and newe happiness  

Glo. Added to that, that I am to deliver,  
Prince John, your Sonne, doth kisse your Grace's Hand: The Bishop, Scroope, Hasting, and all, Are brought to the Correction of your Law, There is not now a Rebels Sword vseleash'd, But Peace puts forth her Olue every where: The manner how this Action hath bene borne, Here (at more keytare) may your Highnesse reade, With every course, in his particular.

King. O Wofmerland, thou art a Summer Bird, Which ever in the haunch of Winter fings  

The lifting vp of day.

Enter Floncourt.

Looke, heere's more newes,  

Her. From Enemieis, Heaut, keepe your Maistrie: And when they stand against you, may they fall, As that I am come to tell you of the Earl of Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolph, With a great Power of English, and of Scots, Are by the Sherif of Yorkshir eouterrowne: The manner, and true order of the fight, This Packet (please it you) contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good newes Make me fclay?  

Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full, But write her faire words full in foule Letters? Shee eyther guesst a Stomack, and no Food, (Such are the poor, in health,) or else a Facet, And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich, That have abundane, and enjoy it not.) I shoule rejoyce now, at this happy newes, And now my Sights flyles, and now Beame is giddles.  
O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Maistrie,  

Cla. Oh, my Royall Father.  

Wof. My Souersigne Lord, cheere vp your selfe, looke vp.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Efts  
Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie, Stand from him, give him yere:  
Hee's straighte be well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out these pangs, This fearefull care, and labour of his Minde, Hath wrought the Mure, that should continue in, So thyme, that Life looke through, and will break out, Glo. The people feare me: for they doe obserue: Vafuer'd Heirs, and lasthly Births of Nature: The Seafone change their manners, as the Yeare Had found some Monarchs asleep, and leapt them ouer.  
Clar. The Rauer hath threee Hows, no ebb be betweene: And the old folke (Times during Chronicles) Say it did so, a little time before: That our great Grand-fare Edward fick'd, and dy'd.

EE 4  

War. Speaker.
The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King receues,

Glo. This apostolize will (certaine) be his end. 

King. If you take me vp, and bear me hence 

Into some other Chamber: I shall pray, 

Let there be no noe sfade (my gentle friends) 

Vntill some dull and fauvallable hand 

Will whisper Mufccke to my weaire Spirite. 

War. Call for the Mufccke in the other Roome. 

King. Set me the Crowne upon my Pillow here, 

Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much. 

War. Leafe noyele, leffe noyele. 

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who faw the Duke of Clarence? 

Clar. I am here (Brother) tull of heavenesse. 

P. Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doe the King? 

Glo. Exceeding ill. 

P. Hen. Heard hee the good newes yet? 

Tell it him. 

Glo. His answer'd much, vpon the hearing it. 

P. Hen. If he bee tiche with joy, 

Hee recouer without Phyckke. 

War. Not to much noyse (my Lords). 

Strumpet Prince speake lowe, 

The King your Father is disposed to sleepe. 

Clar. Let vs with draw into the other Roome. 

War. Will plea your Grace to geese along with vs? 

P. Hen. No: I will not, and watch hereby the King. 

Why doth the Crowne lyke ther, vpon his Pillow, 

Being so rascallome a Bed-fellow? 

O pollu'd Perturbation! Golden Care! 

That keep'th the Ports of Slumber open wide, 

To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now, 

Yet not to found, and halfe so deepely sworze. 

As hee whole Brow (with homely Biggen bound) 

Snores out the Watch of Night. O Maiselle! 

When thou do'th pinch thy Bearer, thon don't it: 

Like a rich Armor, wore in heat of day, 

That scalped with fastnes: by his Gates of breath, 

Three vyres, a bowles feather, which friseth not: 

Did thee fulfie, that light and weauless downe 

Perfame in my mones. My gracious Lord, my father; 

This sleepe is founde indeed: this is a sleepe, 

That from this Golden Rigoll hath ducrow'd: 

So many English Kings. Thy due, from me, 

It tastes, and hauce Sorrowes of the Blood, 

Which Nature, Love, and fiscal tenderesse, 

Shall (O dear Father) pay thee plentifully, 

My due, from thee, is this Imperial Crowne, 

Which, (as immediate from thy Place, and Blood) 

Deriueth it selfe to me. Lo, heere it fis, 

Which Heauen shall guard: 

And put the worldes whole strength into one gyant ARM, 

It shall force this Lineall Honor from me. 

This, from thee, will I to mine lesse, 

As'tis left to me. 

Exit.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

King. Why did you leave me here alone (my Lords)? 

Clo. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege) 

Who undertoke to see and watch by you. 

King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let me see him, 

War. This doore is open, it is gone this way, 

Clar. Her came not through the Chamber where wee 

flayed, 

King. Where is the Crowne, who spooke it from my Pillow? 

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee set it here, 

King. The Prince haunt he: he is here: 

Goe seekle him out, 

Is hee to haftin, that lee doth supprese. 

My sleepe, my death finde him (my Lord of Warwick) 

Chide him hither: this part of his consiames 

With my disafe, and helps to end me. 

See Sonnes, what things you are: 

How quickly Nature falls into reuelt 

When Gold becomes her Obiude! 

For this, the foolish ouer-careful Fathers 

Hauke brutes with their soared dogs, 

Their brains with care, their bones with industry. 

For this, they haue anguished and poy'd vp 

The canker'd heapes of (farcely-restituted) Gold 

And for this, they haue been thoughtfull, to infatuate 

Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises: 

When, like the Bee, chulling from every flower 

The venomous Sweetnes, our Thigltes pockt with War. 

Our Mouths with Boston, wee bring to the Hue; 

And like the Bee, are murthered for our purses. 

This bitter taste yields his engroemeats. 

To the ending Fathers.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is hee, that will not stay long, 

Till his Friend Sucknehmen hath determin'd me? 

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Room, 

Walking with kindly Thores his gentle Cheekes, 

With such a deepse de-meanor, in great sorrow, 

That Tyranny, which hether quells, but blood 

Woul'd (by beholding him) haue wash'd this Knife. 

With gentle eye-dropes, Hee is comming hither. 

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne? 

Enter Prince Henry. 

Loe, where be he come, Come hither to me (Harry). 

Depare the Chamber, leave vs here alone. 

Exit.

P. Hen. I entertain'd thoughtes to hear you speake again. 

King. Thy wish was Father (Harry) so that thoughts 

I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee, 

Do it thou to hunger for my empite Chayse, 

That thou wilt needless infet thee with mine Honor, 

Before thy hous be ripe? O foolish Youth! 

Thou feelest the Greatness, that will ouer-whelme thee, 

Stay but a little. For my Cloud of Dignitie 

Is held from falling, wish to weake a wind, 

That it will quickly drop & my Day is dimme. 

Thou haft (bene that, which after some few houres 

Were thine, without offence: and at my death. 

Thou hast seal'd vp my expectation. 

Thy Life did manifest, thou lostst my heart, 

And thou wilt have me dye extant of it. 

Thou hadst a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts, 

Which thou haft whetted on thy forie heart, 

To stab at halfe an houre of my Life. 

What canst thou not forbeare me halfe an houre? 

Then
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Then goethe gone, and digge my grate thy selfe, 
And bid the merry Bels ring to thy ear. 
The chour are Crowned, not that I am dead. 
Let all the Tearces, that should belew my Hearse, 
Bedros of Balmre, to tanchifie thy head; 
One; compeynd me withe forgotten dust. 
Giveth, that which giveth life, into the Womwe: 
Placke downe my Chiefe Officiers, breake my Deares; 
For now a time is come, to moke at Forme. 
Henry the first is Crown'd: Vp Vanity, 
Downe Royall State: All you sage Counsellors, hence: 
And to the English Court, assemble now 
From ery Region, Apes of Idlenesse. 

Now neighbor-Contours, purge you of your Scum: 
Have you a Ruffian that soill neat sleep or dance? 
Bessest the night Bob! Murder and committ. 
The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of weares: 
Be happy, he will trouble you no more. 
England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt. 
England, shall guie him Office, Honor, Might: 
For the Fift Harry, from curbd L未曾e pluckes 
The mazzele of Restraintes; and the wilde Dogge 
Grege, his head that is in the Hallow. 
O my poore Kingdome (fickes, with cinil blowes) 
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots, 
What will thou do, when Ryot is thy Care? 
O, thou wilt be a Wilderneffe againe, 
Peopled with Wolves (thy old Inhabitants. 
Prince. O pardon me (my Liege) 
But for my Teues, 
The most Impediments into my Speech, 
I had fore-thall achtie deere, and dese Rebuke. 
Ere you (with greefe) had spake, and I had heard 
The course of it to faire. There is your Crowne, 
And he that wearses the Crowne immortal, 
Long guard yt sours. If I affect it more, 
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne, 
Let me no more from this Obedience rife, 
Which my most true; and inward deuteous Spirit 
Teacheth this profit, and exteriori bording. 
Heaven winselte with me, when I here came in, 
And found a course of breath within your Majestie, 
How cold it frookey my heit. If I do faile, 
O let me, in my present winlenesse, dye, 
And newer leste, to shew th'intermedial World, 
The Noble change that I have purpoted. 
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead, 
(And dea's almost (my Liege) to think you were) 
I spake into the Crowne (as having Eole) 
And thus upbraided it. The Care on thee depending, 
Hath fed upon the body of my Father, 
Therefore, thou belte of Gold, art worth of Gold. 
Other, lefthed in Charrante; is more precious, 
Prefiting life, in Mede inconspicue; 
But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd, 
Hale eare the Bearer p. 
Thus (my Royall Liege) 
Accusing it, I put it on my Head, 
To tryt with it (as within Enemy, 
That had before my face nurshed my Father) 
The Querelle of a true Inheritor, 
But if it did take my blood with Joy, 
Or well my Thought, to my Lord trasdiverse, 
If any Rebell, or veins lotus of mine, 
Did, with the least Affection of a Wee, 
Giveth entertainment to the right of it; 

Let heaen, for euer, keepe it from my head, 
And make me, as the poorre Vaffalle is, 
That doth with Ave, and terror kneele to it. 
King. O my Sonne! 
Heauen put it in thy minde to take it heace, 
That thou mightt it loyne the more, thy Fathers lente, 
Administration of the King, and my Deere, 
Come hither Harry, fit thou by my bedde, 
And heare (Think, the very laficl Courtell 
That euer I shall breath: Heaven knowes, my Sonne) 
By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-wayes 
Jomet this Crowne; and I thy selfe know well 
How troubledome it fate upon my head. 
To thee, it shall defende with better Quiet, 
Better Opinion, better Confirmation: 
For all the Kinge of the Aesheernent goes 
With me, into the Earth. It seemd in me, 
But as an Honour stratch'd with boy's tough hand, 
And I had many living, to vypriade 
My gaine of ye, by their Aisistence, 
Which daily grew to Quarrel, and to Bloodshed, 
Wounding impoited Peace. 
All the blade Harry, 
Thou seell (with peale) I have answered: 
For all my Reigne, hath bene but as a Scene 
A thing argument. And now my death 
Changes the Monde: For what in me, was purchase 
 fulfilling upon thee, in a more Payer fort, 
So thou, the Garland willn't facefully 
Yet, though thou stand it more sure, then I could do, 
Thou art not streme enough, since greese are greme. 
And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends 
Have but their flings, and teeth, newly tak'n out, 
By whose fell working, I was first advance, 
And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare 
To be again displac'd. Which to suoyd, 
I cut them off and had a Opprerte now 
To leade out roasy to the Holy Land, 
Least rett, and lying still, might make them looke 
Too nearer vago my State. 
Therefore (my Harry) 
Be it thy course to buge giddy Minds 
With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out, 
May waste the memory of the former dayes. 
More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so, 
That strength of Speech is winterly dinede meet. 
How I came by the Crowne, O heaven forgive me. 
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace live. 

Prince. My gracious Liege: 
You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gave it me. 
Then plaine and right mutt my posession be 
Which I, with more, then with a Common pain, 
Gain't all the World, will rightfully maintaine. 

Enter Lord John of Lancasters, and Warwick. 

King. Look, look, looke, 
Here comes my John of Lancasters. How well, 
John. Health, Peace, and Happineffe, 
To my Royall Father, 
King. Thou bring'st me happiness and Peace 
(Some John): 
But health (alacke) with thy full wings is founde 
From this bare, wither'd Truncke. Upon my fight, 
My worldly businesse makes a period. 

Where
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

**King.** Doth any name particular, belong unto the Lodging, where I first did wend it?

**War.** Tis call'd Jersalem, my Noble Lord.

**King.** Laid be it heaunt for evermore.

Even there my life must end.

It hath beene prophesied to me many years, I should not dye, but in Jerusalem:

Which (vainly) I impos'd the Holy Land.

But bear me to that Chamber, there lies he:

In that Jerusalem, shall Harry dye.

Exeunt.(XX)

*Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolph, Page, and Danie.

**Shal.** By Cocke and Pye, thou shalt not away to night.

What *Day,* I say?

**Fal.** You must excuse me, M. Robert Shallown.

**Shal.** I will not excuse you you shall not be excused.

Excuses shall not be admet : there is no excuse shall issue : you shall not be excused.

Why Danie.

**Danie.** Hither sir.

**Shal.** *Day,* let me see. *Day,* let me see. William Cooke, bid him come hither, Sir John, you shall not be excused.

**Day.** Marry say, thus : those Precepts cannot bee fand : and again say, shall weowe the head-land with Where are there no yong Pigeons?

**Dan.** Yes Sir.

Here is now the Smithes note, for Shoeing, And Plough-Irons.

**Shal.** Let it bee call'd, and payde : Sir John, you shall not be excused.

**Day.** Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needs bee had : And Sir, doe you mean to stoppe any of Williams Wages, about the Sacke he left the other day, as Frankly Faunt?

**Shal.** He shall answer it.

Some Pigeons *Day,* a couple of short legg'd Hennes : a joynt of Mutton, and any pretty little eene Kickthawes, tell William Cooke.

**Day.** Doth the man of Ware, stay all night Sir?

**Shal.** Yes Sir.

I will vie him well. A Friend'sh Court, is better then a penny in purse. Wie his men well *Day,* for they are arrant None, and will backe-bite.

**Day.** No worse then they are bitten, Sir : For they have a most trellious fowle linne.

**Shal.** Well conceited, *Day,* about thys Businesse, *Day.*

**Day.** I rehear thee Sir,

To containe William Uffer of Woner, against Clement Petrey of the hill.

**Shal.** There are many Complaints *Day,* against that Uffer, that Uffer is an arrant None, on my knowledge.

**Day.** Pray, my Lord of Warwick, that he is a trule Sir.

But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a None should countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man, is able to speake for himself : when a None is not. I have ferd *Day's* Worthippe truely ferd, these eight yeares : and if I cannot once or twice in a Quartre bear upon a None, against an honest man, I haue but a very little credit with your Worthippe. The None is mine honest Friend Sir, therefore I beseech your Worthippe, let him bee Countenance'd.

**Shal.** Gotoo.

I say he shal have no wrong : Look about *Day.*

Where are you Sir John? Come, off with your Boots.

Give me your hand M. Bardolph.

**Bard.** I am glad to see your Worthippe.

**Shal.** I thank thee, with all my heart, kinde Master Bardolph : and welcome my self Fellow.

Come Sir John.

**Falstaff.** He fellow you, good Master Robert Shallown, Bardolph, looke to our Hoesies. If we were day do into Quantities, I should make fouree dozen of such bearded Hermites bluses, as Master Shallown. It is a wonderfull thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits, and his. They by beholding of him, do bear themselves like foolish Injuncs : Hee, by conferring with them, is turnt into a justie-like Servantman. Their spirit are so married in Commination, with the participation of Society, that they backe together in content, like so many Wilde-Greefe. If I had a fuite to Mayfier Shallown, I would humour his men, with the imputation of beeing nere the Mayfier. If to his men, I would carrie with Master Shallown, that none man could better command his Servantes. It is certaine, that either wife bearing, or ignornant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their Compaine. I will duete matter enough out of this Shalow, to keep Prince Harry in continuall Laughter, the wearing out of five Fallahons (which is fourte Turemes) or two Actions, and be stale both with Internalims. O it is much that a Lye (with a flieth Oath) and a lie (with a fade brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face be like a wet Cloke, ill laid vp.

**Shal.** Sir John.

**Falstaff.** I come Master Shallown, I come Master Shallown.

Exeunt.

*Scena Secunda.*

Enter the Earl of Warrickes, and the Lord: Chief Justice.

**Warrick.** How now, my Lord Chief Justice, whither away?

**Ch. Juf.** How doth the King?

**Warrick.** Exceeding well; his Cares Are now, allended.

**Ch. Juf.** I hope, not dead.

**Warrick.** Hee's walkt the way of Nature, And to our purposes, he lives no more.

**Ch. Juf.** I would his Majesty had call'd me with him, The servise, that I truly did his life, Hath left me open to all injuries.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth. 97

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not, Chief. I know he doth not; and do ame my selfe To come the condition of the Time, Which cannot look more hideously upon me, Then I have drawn to in my fancy, Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Heere come the heavyIssue of dead Horrie: O, that the living Horrie had the temper Of him, the woft of these thee Gentlemen: How many Nobles then, should hold their places, That must strive faile, to Spirits of wise fores? Chief. Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd. John. Good morrow Cofin Warwick, good morrow, Glou. Cofin. Good morrow, Cofin. John. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake. War. We do remember: but our Argument Is all too heavy, to admit much talke, Job. Well. Peace be with him, that hath made vs happy Chief. Peace be with vs, the peace of Heaven. Glou. O, good my Lord, you have left a friend indeed: And I dare I weare, you borrow not that face Of feeling, forrow, it is fure your owne. John. Though no man be auff'd what grace to finde, You stand in coldest expectation. I am the forrier, would I were otherwise. Glou. Wel, you must now speake Sir John Falleth faire, Which swimmes against your freame of Qualitie. Chief. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor, Led by th Imperiell Conduct of your Soule, And never shall you see, that will I begge A ragged, and tore-flall'd Remission, It'troth, and wight Innocencye fayle me, Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead, And tell him, who hath sent me after him. War. Heere comes the Prince:

Enter Prince Henry.

Chief. Good morrow; and heaven fate your Maiestie Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiestie, Sits not so faire on me, as you thinke, Brothers, you mix your Sadnette with some Peace: This is the English, not the Turkish Court; Not Amurah, an Amurah indeed; But Harry, Harry: Yet be fad (good Brothers) For (to speake truth) it is well becomes you: Sorrow to Royally in you appeares, That I will deeplie put the Fashion on, And ware it in my heart. Why then be fad, But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers) Then a joye burthen, laid vpon vs all. For me, by Heaven (I bid you be afford) Ile be your Father, and your Brother too: Let me but bear your Lone, Ile bear your Cares; But weep that Horrie's dead, and I will I. But Harry liues, that shall comfort those Trases By number, into hungers of Happine. John. Sir, we hope no other; from your Maiestie. Prim. You all look strangely on me; and you meit, You are (I thinke) afford, I loute you not. Chief. I am afford (if I be meatured rightly) Your Maiestie hath no suit cause to hate mee. Pr. No! How might a Prince of my great hopes forgot So great Indignities you laid upon me?

What Rate? Rebuke? and roughly tend to Prifon Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this cape? May this be wath'd in Letter, and forgotten? Chief. I then did vie the Perfom of your Father; The Image of his power, lay then in me, And in th'administration of his Law, Whiles I was baze for the Commonwealth, Your Highness pleased to forget my place, The Maiestie, and power of Law, and Justice, The Image of the King, whom I pretented, And I trokke me in my very Searce of Judgement Whereon (as an Offender to your Father) I gau se bold way to my Authorite, And did commit you. If the deed were ill, Be you contended, weathing now the Garland, To have a Sonne, set your Decrees atnaught To plucke downe Justice from your awefull Bench To trip the comne of Law, and bl恩 the Sword That guards the peace, and safety of your Perfon? Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image, And mocke your workings, in a Second body? Question your Highnes, why you were in the case yours: Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne: Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd, See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loofly flighted; Behold your selfe, by a Sonne disdained; Then imagine me, taking you pare, And in your power, soft fulfilning your Sonne: After this cold confideration, sentence me; And, as you are a King, speake in your State, What I have done, that misbecame my place, My perfon, or my Lieges Soueraigne.

Prod. You are right Justice, and you weigh this well: Therefore still bear the Ballance, and the Sword: And I do with your Honors may encreas, Till you do live, to see a Sonne of mine Offend you, and obey you, as I did. So shall I live, to speake my Fathers words: Happy am I, that haue a man so bold, That dares do Justice, on your proper Sonne; And no leele happy, hauing such a Sonne, That would deliver vp his Greatnesse fo, Into the hands of Justice, You did commit me: For which, I do commit into your hand, Thy vntaigned Sword that you haue vs to bear: With this Remembrance, that you live the same With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand, You shall be as a Father, to my Youth: My voice shall found, as do you prompt mine ear, And I will floope, and humble my intents, To your well-pracht's, wife Directones. And Princes all, beleue me, I beleev you: My Father is gone wilde into his Graine, (For in his Tempe, lye my Affections) And with his Spirits, fastly I furrie, To mocke the expectation of the World; To frustrate Prophesies, and to race out Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe After my fcaming: Th' Tide of Blood in me, Hath proudly flow'd in Vaniety, till now. Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea, Where it shall minge with the flate of Floods, And flowe henceforward in formall Maiestie. Now call we our High Court of Parliament, And let vs choose such Limbs of Noble Counsail,
That the great Body of our State may go
In equal rank, with the belt govern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you (Father) shall have formost hand,
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heauen (configning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peer, shall haveught cause to say,
Heauen throned Hurra! happy life, one day.  

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph,
Page, and Pifflot.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Octavius: where, in an
Arbor we shall eat a lat yeares Pippin of my owne grafting,
with a dish of Carrawayses, and so forth (Come Co- 
fin Silence, and then to bed. Fal. You have here a greatly dwelling, and a rich.
Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggars all, beggers all Sir John; Marry, good ayre. Spread Dun, spread Dunie.
Well said Dunie.
Fal. This Dunie ferues you for good vies: he is your
Serenity, and your Husband.
Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Var- 
let, Sir John: I have drunk too much Sacke at Supper. A 
Sil. Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate,
and make good cheere, and praise heauen for the merrie 
yeerse: when fleth is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie 
Lads come heere, and there: so merilly, and euer among 
so merilly.
Fal. There's a merry heartes, good M. Silence, I geve 
you a health for that anon.
Shal. Good M. Bardolph; some wine, Dunie.
'Da. Sweet fir, fit: Ile be with you anon: a perfect fir, fit, 
fit, Master Page, good M. Page, fit: Prosfe: What 
you want in meate, we'll have in drinke: but you beare, 
the heart's all.
Shal. Be merry M. Bardolph, and my little Souldier 
there be merry.
Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.
For women are Sherewes, both flour, and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;
And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.
Fal. I did not thince M. Silence had bin a man of this 
Mettle.
Sil. Who If I have beene merry twice and once, ere 
now.
Daun. There is a dish of Lether-costs for you.
Shal. Dainie.
Dan. Your Worship: I be with you straight, A cup 
of Wine, sir?
Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drink
vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart flues long-a.
Fal. Well said, M. Silence.
Fal. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete 
of the night.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Fal. What is the old King dead?
Pifl. As nailes in doore.
The things I speake, are ill.

Fal. Away Barfaffe, Sache my Horfe.
Mafter Robert Shallow, choose what Office thou wilt.
In the Land, thou fhall, 
Piffl. I will double charge thee
With Dignities.

Bard. O joyfull day:
I would not take a Knightshood for my Fortune.
Piffl. What? What do I bring good news.

Fal. Carrie Mafter Silence to bed: Mafter Shallow, my
Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.
Get on thy Boots, we'll ride all night. Oh sweet Pifflott:
Away Barfaffe: Come Pifflott, viter more to mee:
and withall deuife something to do thy selfe good.
Boote, boote Mafter Shallow, I know the young King is sick for me:
and we take as many Horfes: The Lawes of Eng-
land are at my commandment. Happie are they, which
have beene my Friends: and vee into my Lord chefe
Justice.
Piffl. Let Vultures viile feize on his Lungs alfo:
Where is the life that late I fed, fare they?
Why heere it is, welcome those pleasanct dayes.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1. Groom. More Ruffhes, more Ruffhes.
2. Groom. The Trumpets have founded twice.

1. Groom. It will be two of the Clocike, ere they come
from the Coronation.

Exit Grooms.

Falafffe, Shallow, Pifflott, Barfaffe, and Page.

Falaffe. Stand heere by me, M. Robert Shallow, I will
make the King do you Grace. I will leeere vpon him, as
he comes by: and do but mark the countenance that hee
will give me.
Pifflott. Bleffe thy Lungs, good Knight.
Pifflott. Come heere Pifflott, stand behind me. O if I had
have had time to have made new Luteres, I would have be-
flowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is
no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth inferre
the zeale I had to see him.
Shal. It doth fo.
Pifflott. It hewes my carnesfinesse in affliction.
Pifflott. It doth fo.
Pifflott. My deuotion.
Pifflott. It doth, it doth it doth,
Pifflott. As it were, to ride day and night,
and not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to have patience to shift me.
Shal. It is most certaine.
Pifflott. But to stand glaunded with Trauze, and sweating
with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting
all affrayes in oblivion, as if there were nothing els to be
done, but to see him.
Pifflott. 'Tis temper idem: for obsyne hoc nihil ali.
'Tis all in every part.
Shal. 'Tis fo indeed.
Pifflott. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Luiter, and
make thee rage, Thy Del. and Heles of thy noble thoughtes,
is in base Durance, and contagious prizon: Hal'd thir-
ther by moft Mechanicall and durtty hand. Rowe a vpp.
Revenge from Ebonit, with fell Alecto's Snake, for
Del is in. Pifflott speaks notht but trouth.
Pifflott. I will delier her.
Pifflott. There roard the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour
foundes.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the
Fifl, Brothers, Lord Cheife
Justice.

Falott. Save thy Grace, King Hall, my Royall Hall.
Pifflott. The heaviens thee guard, and kepee, moft royall
Impe of Fame.

Falott. Save thee my sweet Boy.

King. My Lord Cheife Justice, speake to that vaine
man.

Ca. Infl. Have you what you wish?
Know you what 'tis you speake?

Falott. My King, my loue; I speake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall thy Prayers:

How ill white haires become a Poole, and Ittert?

I have
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,  
So turfet-swol'd, so old, and so prophane:  
But being awake, I do despise my dreame.  
Make leffe thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,  
Leaste gourmandizing; know the Greue doth gape  
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.  
Reply not to me, with a Foolse-born'd jest,  
Presume not, that I am the thing I was,  
For heauen doth know (to shall the world perceive)  
That I have turn'd away my former Selte,  
So will I chose that keep me Company,  
When thou dost hear me, as I have bin,  
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast  
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Rions;  
Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,  
As I have done the rest of my Misleaders,  
Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.  
For competence of life, I will allow you,  
That Jacke of meanes enforce you not to enuill:  
And as we heare you do reforme your fletches,  
We will according to your strength, and qualities,  
Give you advancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)  
To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Exit King.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.  
Shal. I marry Sir John, which I bechee you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr. Shalow, do not you griewe at this? I shall be sent for in priuete to him: Looke you, he must frame thus to the world: feare not your advancement: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceiue how, vnlesse you should give me your Doublet, and suffe me out with Straw. I bechee you, good Sir John, let mee have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour,

Shal. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir John.

Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:

Come Lieutenant Pilate, come Bardolf,

I shall be sent for loure at night.

Ch. Inf. Go carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleece,

Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Inf. I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone.

Take them away.

Pil. Sir fortune me tormento, fora me contento.

Exit. Master Lancaster and Chief Infidell.

John. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:

He hath intent his wonted Followers shall all be very well provided for;

But all are banish'd, till their counterfations appearre more wise, and modest to the world.

Ch. Inf. And so they are.

John. The King hath call'd his Parliament;

My Lord.

Ch. Inf. He hath.

John. I shall lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire, We beare our Goud Swords, and Natue Fire As fare as France. I heare a Bird to sing,

Whose Muficke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.

Come, will you hence?
EPILOGUE.

IFST, my Feare: then, my Curtie: last, my Speech.
My Feare, is your Displeasure: my Curtie, my Dutie:
And my speech, to Beg ye your Pardons. If you look for a
good speech now, you condoo me: For what I have to say, is
of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will
(I doubt) proove mine owne marling. But to the Purpuse,
and so to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very
well) I was lately heere in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience
for it, and to promise you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this,
which if (like an ill Venture) it come unluckily home, I breake; and you, my gen-
tle Creditors lose. Here I promist you I would be, and here I commit my Bodie
to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you same, and (as most Debtors do)
promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command me to use
my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But
a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gen-
tlemen here, have forgiven me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen
do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never scene before, in such an As-
sembly.

One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloud with Fat Meate,
our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir John in it) and make you
merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Fal-
staffe shall dye of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions:
For Old-Cattle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie,
when my Leges are too, I will bid you good night, and so kneele downe before you;
But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.
THE ACTORS NAMES.

1. RUMOVR the Pretender.
2. King Henry the Fourth.
3. Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henry the Fifth.
5. Humphrey of Gloucester.
7. Thomas of Clarence.

Northumberland.
The Arch Bishop of Yorke.
Mowbray.
Hotting.
Lord Bardolph.
Trauer.
Morton.
Colenst.

Warwick.
Wetmerland.
Surrey.
Gover.
Harecourt.
Lord Chief Justice.

Shallow, both Country Silence.
Danie, Seruants to Shallow.
Phung and Snares, Seruants.
Mouldica.
Shalow.
Wart.
Country Soldiers.
Feeble.
Bulleclafe.

Pointz.
Falstaffe.
Bardolph.
Irregular.
Pistol.
Humorists.
Peto.
Page.

Drawers.
Beadles.
Grooms.
Northumberlands Wife.
Percy's Widow.
Hoste's Quickly.
Doll Tentsheets.
Epilogue.